

## TWO MEN OF THE WORLD.

It was a hot night about the middle of August in Philadelphia.

I had been kept in town all summer attending to a ragged old at elbows estate, which did not even have the merit of being my own, but belonged to an ancient aunt, exasperatingly well supplied with dollars and cents; so I could not be happy in the consciousness of benefiting either myself or another.

To-night I was tired, hungry and the possessor of a throat dry as a silt; so when I saw Jim Lape turning into the open door of the Bellevue Cafe I joined him, and we neither spoke nor stopped until we were seated at one of the window tables where the air from the street strained through wet palms.

A Manhattan cocktail took the first glaze from our throats, and then I told Jim to order dinner. It isn't every man I will trust with the ordering of my dinner, but Jim and I were boys together. We didn't see much of each other these days, perhaps for the very reason that our lines of life ran so nearly parallel. We weren't either of us very young. We could easily remember when little icing lambs ornamented the macaroons at Philadelphia's best parties.

After flirting with Philadelphia's best girls, we had assisted at their weddings, and gone back more or less contentedly to our clubs and bachelor apartments. I meant to marry some day, when I found a wife to suit me, and I heard Jim make predictions which imaginary sons and daughters were to see verified. Their mother, however, was still unselected.

We were in the midst of the salad when Jim's eyes—eyes unaccustomed to wandering at the dinner hour—seemed to be caught for an instant by some one at the next table. I had to turn my head half way around to look. It is not as easy to turn my head in my collar as it once was, but as he dropped his eyes back to his plate, with a look whose consciousness I hardly understood, I made the effort to see what the matter was. I told myself that there sat some man to whom Jim Lape was indebted—or some woman. We are all indebted to every woman for living.

The other table was set with an excellent dinner. The very arrangement of things told you that "Polly" was the dinner was a very commonplace-looking elderly man. He might have been anybody—outside of Philadelphia, I knew everybody there.

So the lady with him gave a good look. Her face seemed familiar, but the coloring struck me as odd. I wondered if she were some old acquaintance, who was wearing a wig nowadays. If it was, she was wearing a wig I should have put it down to that. She wasn't exactly a beautiful woman, but there were suggestive hints of beauty, of possible mirth, in the shadow of her eyelashes and the corners of her mouth, and in the fullness of her lower lip. You felt as you looked at the set of her head on her shoulders, that what she had to give was not lightly parted with.

She looked up at me and I, dropped my eyes. When I looked at Jim again he was staring at her as though he questioned my pertinence.

We could catch bits now and then of the conversation.

"For a little while," her voice was the throaty contralto which belonged to her personality.

As I said good-night to Jim I added a hope of seeing him again soon, as my business would keep me in the city for some time longer.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I never get away for any time. I am chained to the office. And yet, two days later, when I strolled out on the veranda at the Traymore, in Atlantic City, the first person I saw was Jim Lape."

"Moved your office?" I asked.

"No—came down to consult you concerning some matters, and then we gracefully parted, and when the lady of the Bellevue came went by a moment later, neither of us remembering the other. I was prettier in daylight than she had been in the rather vulgar setting of a restaurant, and her manner was more graceful than she had the air of distinction which I had found so attractive on the former occasion.

As soon as we parted, she came back in and asked the clerk who she was. He said he couldn't remember any lady answering to her description. He inquired such that I realized that were she before him he would most likely be struck with blindness.

I had a fancy, up to this, that I had come to Atlantic City to escape the heat, but I knew that I had not. I had been much about Atlantic City in the summer time, but I had heard that the acquaintance of those who were there was not very difficult of achievement.

The next morning, as my pay in Bess's pavilion, I saw a slender figure in a black bathing suit, with whose air of chic I was fast becoming familiar. She was across the sands to the breakers. I waited to see her take the first one with white uplifted arms, and then I saw her swimming easily, far beyond the last row of bathers. There wasn't the least chance here to win undying gratitude and an acquaintance.

Suddenly a brilliant idea came to me. A second later I saw her, gapping cry, and throwing up my hands, when I knew that from the look of that woman that she wouldn't lose her figure. I came up and grabbed for my collar with strength and precision, and again I heard that fine voice.

"Just rest your head on my shoulders, and I will swim you in to shallow water," she said.

I was too exhausted to express my gratitude then. It would keep for a later time. I dressed myself and went back to the hotel in a very contented frame of mind. I found Jim idling about, and he was telling me that I had done enough for one day, and not wanting my fair rescuer to go to me in too good a state of mind, he accepted his invitation to go down to Cape May for dinner.

The moon was directing a ballet of silver eld beams over the sea as we mounted the hotel steps again. A woman whose soft white wrap draped her figure like a cloud of grace, sat alone near the railing. Jim was straight for a remedy for cinders in the throat, and went to another door, and drew up a chair beside her.

"I suppose," she said, "you can hardly realize the strength of my gratitude for saving my life this morning. It probably has a very exaggerated value, but I am like to tell you that the remainder of it is at your service. I cannot regret an incident that gives me a chance to repay."

Now, of course, that was not the conventional thing to say, and I should hardly have said it to a woman so well to believe in me. I would have said that I was in my own set, a fool of myself; but I had a shrewd suspicion that this woman was not the conventional sort; and, besides, it is seldom risk to give any man heavy compliments on the veranda of a seaside hotel.

"You are under no obligation to me," she said sweetly, but with a note of sadness in her voice. "Even were you, I unfortunately know the world too well to believe in the sincerity of your wish to serve me."

I drew my chair a trifle closer; this was getting interesting. "You are a very nice person," I said in my most respectful tone. "The world is usually only too ready to serve one like you."

She stood up and drew the filmy lace, that beautified instead of protected her, close to her body, and she said, "I would like to remember," she said, and before I could move she had gone.

I went upstairs and to bed, wondering whether I was more knave or fool.

I had always had a rather small opinion of Jim's finances, but I had known him anything to himself, and I had known the instant I saw him at Atlantic City that the lovely unknown lady had had something to do with his coming.

The next morning when I came out from breakfast I saw him—him and her—walking along the broad walk in earnest conversation. Her head was bent, with every indication of keen interest in what he was to say. I waited about rather anxiously for him to come back. There was no sense in following them, for they would certainly turn around and catch me at it. The song writer of the burlesque must have been thinking of the Atlantic City board walk when he said, "Nowhere to go but there, nowhere to come but back."

The sun was hot on the planks by the time Jim came in again. He was alone, and by the way he treated me I concluded that he had been to the cause. He was surly and cross—something very unusual with him—and went up to his room at once, hardly speaking to me as he went.

I waited around for an hour or two, and then went up the board walk myself. All the people were asleep in their rooms, and the rounds were crawling down there as usual. "After the Ball" and "Little Annie Rooden" were the only songs being sung.

Away up the sands I saw a white um-

brella. It was a curious umbrella with a blue anchor embroidered in one division. I had noticed it that morning. All about the sand was torn up where the bathers had dry packed themselves, and I saw a few white bonneted children digging further up, the beach was hers alone. I looked at the umbrella and the bathers, and then at my patent leathers and thin silk stockings—then at the umbrella—and down I walked.

She hadn't even a book. She was lying there with her rather thin hands crossed in her lap, and her eyes on a level with the sea.

I stopped still beside her and lifted my sailor hat. "You have found a warm spot for your sleeta," I said pleasantly.

She looked up at me as if she did not see me, and then, as though my words had moved a spring, she put her hands over her face and began to sob.

I sat down beside her. "What is the matter? What can I do for you?"

I knew all the time that it was something to do with Lape. I felt instinctively that he was just the man to give a woman some terrible trouble. "You saved my life," I went on, as she continued to sob; and I put all the feeling there was in me into my voice. I had almost begun to believe that she had saved my life. A fact is a fact only in its results, after all.

And then I made a bold plunge and broke the ice. "And I fear that your trouble, whatever it is, is connected with my friend. That being the case, I owe you a double debt."

"I am the most miserable woman in the world," she said, almost gasping.

"What is it?"

"Has your friend, Mr. Lape, told you nothing?"

"Nothing."

"How can I?" she fairly wailed. I usually hate a crying woman, but this was so low, so intense, so passionate, and she was so interesting, and it was some secret of Jim Lape's. Altogether I was determined to get at the bottom of it.

She suddenly dried her eyes and sat up. Crying did not disfigure her as it does most women. There were no swollen cheeks and eyelids, only a darkness about them which increased the sweetness of her eyes. She certainly was a wonderfully charming woman in appearance and voice and manner.

"I do not know why you—a perfect stranger—should interest yourself in my affairs," she said with dignity. She took the pins out of her hat and took it off. The hair fell very prettily about her forehead, and her brows were slender black lines.

"My life is worth something to me, as I have said before. At the best I can do little enough. But at least I can offer the sympathy of a man to a woman in trouble. You know who I am. Leaving out my overwhelming obligation to you, to whom could you come but to Lape's best friend, since Lape seems to be at the bottom of it? Tell me the story."

She looked me solemnly in the eyes. "He is my husband," she said.

"I nearly sprang to my feet. Lape married, and out of his own set? It was idiotic, preposterous, out of the question. I married him five years ago. It was madness for both of us. I was an actress, and I left the stage for him. I deserted my earliest and best love, my art, my then my husband—such scorn as she put into the two words—repaid me by leaving me. I was not of his people," she said, "and he did not want his friends to know me. So he left me."

"Why do you let him? Why didn't you go into the courts?"

"I couldn't do that," she said, looking at me in a sort of wonder. "He was not ungenerous at first. He offered me money—which I refused—then."

"And now?"

"I had not seen him for three years. Now, I am trying to get back upon the stage. My old teacher, Mr. Manderson, offers to help me, but she smiles with a sarcastic twist in the corner of her mouth. 'My husband is afraid for me to go before the public again. He is afraid of a story getting out. He offers me an income to stay at home quietly, but—I could see that she was laboring under very great excitement—I will take nothing from him which I cannot repay.'

"You are right," I said. "If I were in your place I should go back on the stage and keep his name. I couldn't think of anything which would punish Jim Lape as much as that."

"I shall never do that," she answered.

"Let me give you the assistance you need," I said.

She looked at me with almost a frightened look. "Some money," she said. "I hope you do not know why I told you?"

"Oh, I do not know why I told you!"

"You shall never be sorry that you did. You are nervous, trusting, but you are natural and right thing for you to do. I will put you back into your own life; help you to undo what that mad woman called friend—has done. May I?"

She arose and shook the sand from her skirts. They were navy blue serge, and cut upon the most correct lines. There is no adversity which can keep a woman with a good description. She was a tailor. She put out her hand. "Will you give me time to consider?" she said.

"Until to-night. Will you come to my rooms at 7? I will tell you then. No—go back alone."

I didn't see Lape, and I didn't look for him. I went upstairs and slept, and after dinner I carefully dressed myself and realized that I didn't know Mrs. Lape's name.

The next morning, as my pay in Bess's pavilion, I saw a slender figure in a black bathing suit, with whose air of chic I was fast becoming familiar. She was across the sands to the breakers. I waited to see her take the first one with white uplifted arms, and then I saw her swimming easily, far beyond the last row of bathers. There wasn't the least chance here to win undying gratitude and an acquaintance.

Suddenly a brilliant idea came to me. A second later I saw her, gapping cry, and throwing up my hands, when I knew that from the look of that woman that she wouldn't lose her figure. I came up and grabbed for my collar with strength and precision, and again I heard that fine voice.

"Just rest your head on my shoulders, and I will swim you in to shallow water," she said.

I was too exhausted to express my gratitude then. It would keep for a later time. I dressed myself and went back to the hotel in a very contented frame of mind. I found Jim idling about, and he was telling me that I had done enough for one day, and not wanting my fair rescuer to go to me in too good a state of mind, he accepted his invitation to go down to Cape May for dinner.

The moon was directing a ballet of silver eld beams over the sea as we mounted the hotel steps again. A woman whose soft white wrap draped her figure like a cloud of grace, sat alone near the railing. Jim was straight for a remedy for cinders in the throat, and went to another door, and drew up a chair beside her.

"I suppose," she said, "you can hardly realize the strength of my gratitude for saving my life this morning. It probably has a very exaggerated value, but I am like to tell you that the remainder of it is at your service. I cannot regret an incident that gives me a chance to repay."

Now, of course, that was not the conventional thing to say, and I should hardly have said it to a woman so well to believe in me. I would have said that I was in my own set, a fool of myself; but I had a shrewd suspicion that this woman was not the conventional sort; and, besides, it is seldom risk to give any man heavy compliments on the veranda of a seaside hotel.

"You are under no obligation to me," she said sweetly, but with a note of sadness in her voice. "Even were you, I unfortunately know the world too well to believe in the sincerity of your wish to serve me."

I drew my chair a trifle closer; this was getting interesting. "You are a very nice person," I said in my most respectful tone. "The world is usually only too ready to serve one like you."

She stood up and drew the filmy lace, that beautified instead of protected her, close to her body, and she said, "I would like to remember," she said, and before I could move she had gone.

I went upstairs and to bed, wondering whether I was more knave or fool.

I had always had a rather small opinion of Jim's finances, but I had known him anything to himself, and I had known the instant I saw him at Atlantic City that the lovely unknown lady had had something to do with his coming.

The next morning when I came out from breakfast I saw him—him and her—walking along the broad walk in earnest conversation. Her head was bent, with every indication of keen interest in what he was to say. I waited about rather anxiously for him to come back. There was no sense in following them, for they would certainly turn around and catch me at it. The song writer of the burlesque must have been thinking of the Atlantic City board walk when he said, "Nowhere to go but there, nowhere to come but back."

The sun was hot on the planks by the time Jim came in again. He was alone, and by the way he treated me I concluded that he had been to the cause. He was surly and cross—something very unusual with him—and went up to his room at once, hardly speaking to me as he went.

## WHY THESE MOVING ARMIES OF EAGER, WILLING BUYERS FROM BASE TO DOME

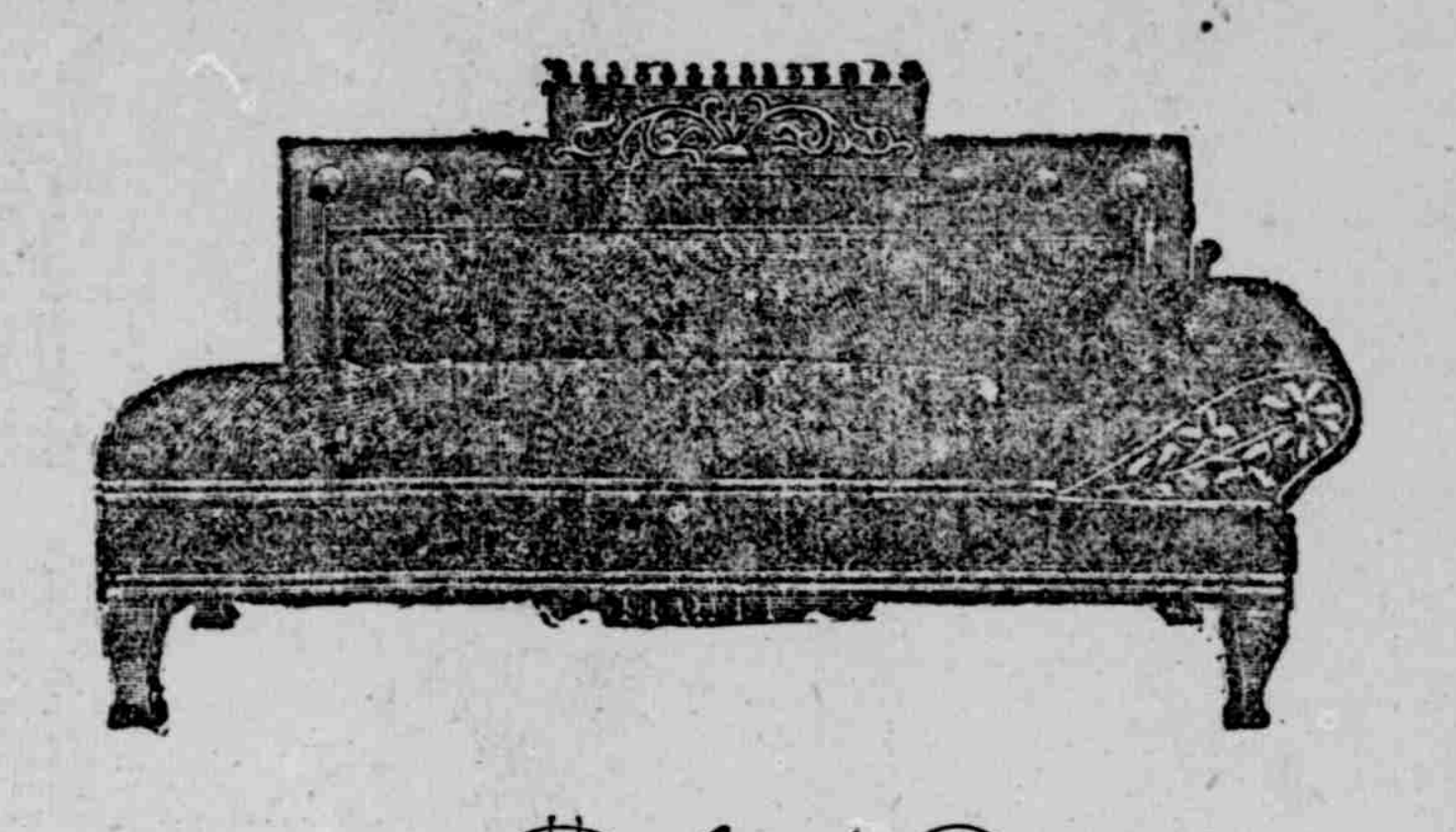
Of our big, beautiful Stores! Why is all this? again we ask, and that, too, in the midst of acknowledged dull times. Well, it is simply because no other stores, here or anywhere else, show such goods for so little money; no other stores offer such terms, and the buying folks appreciate, indorse and liberally patronize our liberal business methods.



\$10.75  
For this Hardwood, 3-piece Suit on Display in Our Windows.



69c



\$4.10  
FOR THIS ELEGANT LOUNGE ON DISPLAY IN OUR WINDOWS



\$16.50  
For this elegant polish finish, quartered Oak Bookcase, French Plate Mirror.

SPECIAL FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY  
51c  
AN ELEGANT DECORATED LAMP, DECORATED SHADE, AS LONG AS THEY LAST.

Don't Hesitate to Come to Us if Money Is Scarce.  
SMALL DEPOSITS! EASY PAYMENTS! LONG TERMS!  
Makes it possible for every one to buy no matter what the circumstances may be. NO INTEREST CHARGED, NO SECURITY ASKED, and time extended in case of misfortune.

PEOPLE'S OUTFITTING CO.

71 and 73 WEST WASHINGTON ST. and 32, 34 and 36 KENTUCKY AVE.

## OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Wheat that is grown in northern latitudes produces much more seed than grain grown further south.

Some man who is good on figures says that a ton of wheat can be raised from a single potato in ten years.

Previous to 1810 lands were made by hand. It cost \$10,000 to perfect a machine that could do the work of ten men.

Carat is a standard of gem weight because carat seeds, or the seeds of the coral flower, were used to weigh.

In Malta the virus of the bee sting is regarded as an infallible cure for rheumatism, and the remedy is resorted to in all severe cases.

According to a celebrated professor of physiognomy, a small mouth shows great indecision of character and not a little cowardice.

In Sikta, when an Indian wife has lost her husband by death, she goes into mourning by painting the upper part of her face a deep black.

The subscriptions for a new music hall in Boston amounted to \$300,000 in two weeks, all made with the understanding that no dividend is to be paid.

The films paper called tissue paper was originally made to place between tissues of gold or silver, to prevent its fraying.

Postage stamps in the form of stamped envelopes were first used by M. De Velaye, who owned a private post in the city of Paris in the reign of Louis XIV.

Posters took their name from the fact that in former times the footprints of London streets were seen on the walls of the houses.

The cheese mite is more tenacious of life than any other insect. Leuwenhoek kept one to try in order to make a microscopic examination, and in this situation it lived eleven weeks.

It is estimated that between 50,000 and 75,000 men, women and children are out of employment in Philadelphia and vicinity.

Nearly 4,000 of the hills men are from the Baldwin locomotive works.

A fabric is being made in Austria from the bark of the mulberry tree, which is said to be as strong as iron.

The stalks are split, steamed and rolled into a line of posts, on which advertisements were displayed.

Professor Klebs, of Carlsruhe, who has made a study of consumption, says that he has discovered a sure cure for diphtheria. He has been successful in many cases.

Artificial flowers were invented by pious nuns. In the Italian convents the altars and shrines were, up to the end of the eighteenth century, decorated with artificial flowers, laboriously put together, made of paper and parchment.

Last Sunday, for the first time in many years, the wind from the northeast was as fresh as the water of a mountain stream. The condition of affairs was such that it was not surprising that the wind blew continuously last week.

At a Maine postoffice the other day a letter arrived bearing a four-dollar stamp. Inquiring in two bank notes, which had been merely because to stamp collectors a canceled stamp is worth more than an uncanceled one, and this was the property of a collector.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Poor Job, Though.

Teacher—Johnny Tuffboy, can you give me an example of a self-made man?

Johnny—Yes; Mrs. Lease, of Kansas.

Good News.

He (admiringly)—Why is it that type-writer girls are always so attractive?

She (coldly)—It's our ability to earn a regular salary, I presume.

Unacquainted.

"I'm sorry to see you here!"

"I said Boston maid—'don't you'?"

And the maiden from Chicago, wondering, queried, "Horace who?"

Avoiding Disappointment.

Kansas City Journal.

Miss Plunk—And you really never look under the hood?

Miss Plunk—No, indeed; it is so comforting to feel that possibly he may be there.

Touched His Heart.

Burglar (sternly)—Where's your husband?

Johnnie (trembling)—Under the bed!

Burglar—Then I won't take nothing. It's bad enough to have such a husband, without being robbed, too.

Observing Johnny.

Johnny (visiting)—Can't I have another biscuit?

Johnny's Ma—Why, Johnny, what an appetite you have!

Johnny—H'm. You're two ahead of me, ma.

Where They Come From.

Judge.

"I always wondered where all the Smiths came from until my recent visit to the city."

"Then I saw a 'Smith Manufacturing Company.'"

Waste of Time.

Good News.

## Her Chief Pleasure Gone.

Washington Star.

"Mrs. Guggins is feelin' mighty miserable."

"You don't say so! I thought she was lookin' in illegant health."

"Yes, that's jest it. She's feelin' so well that she can't think of nothin' ter take pat medicines for, an' she jes' sits an' reads the advertisements an' pines."

A Luminous Idea.

Detroit Free Press.

"I heard a beautiful new song at the musicals last evening."

"Indeed, what was it?"

"Roll on, Silver Moon."

"But that is a very old song."

"Yes, but it might have been a new moon."

"MOTHER'S FRIEND."

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle.

BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Sold by all druggists.

EPILEPSY OR FITS.

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—Yes, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy—Epilepsy is cured by it; cured, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quick-temperament. Do not despair. Forget past misdeeds on your part, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of 60-day. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. FEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

P. L. CHAMBERS.

JOBBER OF TOBACCO.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

SAWS AND MILL SUPPLIES.

ATKINS E. C. & CO., Manufacturers and Repairers of CIRCULAR, CHISEL, HAND and all other Milling Machinery.

SAWS

BELTING and SAW EMERY WHEELS.

W. B. BARRY Saw & Supply Co.

132 S. Penn. St. All kinds of Saws Repaired.

MILL SUPPLIES AND OILS.

Saws, Belting, Opps. Union Station.

Iron Pulleys, Oil Cans and Greases, Rolling, Telephone 1332.

THE MILLER OIL CO.

Nordyck & Marmon Co.

Founders and Machinists.

Mill and Elevator Builders.

Indianapolis, Ind. Roller Mills, Mill-dressing, Milling, Baking, Grain-cleaning Machinery, etc.

Abstracts of Title.

THEODORE STEIN.

Successor to Wm. C. Anderson.

ABSTRACTER OF TITLES.

ELLIOTT & BUTLER.

Abstracts of Title.

## PHYSICIANS.

Dr. J. H. MANVILLE.

Office—78 North Illinois street. Calls promptly answered day or night.

Dr. J. A. SUTCLIFFE, Surgeon.

Office—55 East Market street. Hours—9 to 10 a. m.; 2 to 3 p. m. Sundays excepted. Telephone 941.

Dr. ADOLPH BLITZ.

Room 10, 101 North Washington street. PRACTICE LIMITED TO Eye, Ear and Throat Diseases.

Dr. BRAYTON.

Office—26 E. 10th St. Hours—10 to 12 and 3 to 4 p. m.